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COMMONWEAL

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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The Pope's Neutrality

LAST WEEK in these columns we called attention to the many signs that Pius XII feels far less constraint—if any constraint at all—under the Allied occupation of Rome. We went on to reiterate the preference of the Pope for our type of political atmosphere to that of the fascists or the nazis. Of that there can be no question. On the other hand it must not be forgotten that the Sovereign Pontiff recognizes his responsibilities to the people of every race and clime, to the men and women on both sides of the current battle lines. His mission like Peter's is a universal mission.

Pius XII has just stressed this point as he received the bishops and priests of the Superior Council of Missionary Works. He spoke of the Church as "the negation and the living opposite of that discord by which nations are disturbed and torn. We mean the universality of faith and love beyond all fields of battle and all State frontiers." Obviously the political outlook of the visible head of the Universal Church will not be the same as that of an American Catholic soldier.

Correspondents report concern in Allied capitals over the Pope's continued effort to bring about a speedy end to the hostilities, even as Benedict XV heroically strove for peace during the last world war. What more fitting than that Christ's Vicar should untiringly seek to bring an end to hate, revenge, destruction and fratricidal bloodshed. He cannot strive in any other fashion. And in the meantime Pius XII has outlined, elaborated and repeatedly emphasized the principles which alone can assure to humanity justice and concord and lasting peace.

The Allies believe that overwhelming defeat of Germany and Japan are a prerequisite for any effectual peaceful settlement. But even as they insist on complete surrender as the only alternative to fighting all the way to Tokio and Berlin, they must be preparing specific, and hence limited, terms of surrender. The Pope instinctively experiences all human suffering as his own. He speaks for the well-being of men of every nation. Nothing could be a greater crime than to protract unnecessarily so catastrophic a war.

Republicans

AS THESE lines are written, the Republican Convention in Chicago has had its first sessions and is about unenthusiastically to nominate Governor Dewey for the Presidency of the United States. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the Convention, noted by almost all of the newspaper people covering it, is its complete lack of color. It is even suggested that this was done deliberately, the Republican leadership feeling that above all what they wanted was an atmosphere of "safe and sound" with no surprises. Presumably the surprise package they got at Philadelphia last time proved too much for them. In any case the proceedings are dull. And perhaps the Republican leadership is wise in having them dull, since there can be little question that the outcome will be determined not by what the candidates say in their speeches, or even by their records of achievement, but rather by the way the war goes. If the news from the various fronts is thoroughly good, it is unlikely that the Republicans will have much chance—although there is likewise the possibility that good news may tend to focus our attention more on domestic problems, and that dissatisfaction with the present Administration will carry the day. But if the news should be very bad, then the Republicans can capitalize not only upon homefront dissatisfaction but also upon what would be called the mismanagement of the war effort, and it is quite possible under such circumstances that any Republican nominee would be swept into office.

It seems to us that, with Mr. Dewey as candidate, the principal question for voters to decide is whether they prefer him to a fourth term (presuming that Mr. Roosevelt is nominated). What little record Mr. Dewey has enables us to draw

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very few conclusions as to how he would act if elected. He has been an efficient prosecuting attorney, but he has used methods which are, to put it mildly, unsavory. His New York governorship has been a purely routine performance. The over-all impression he gives is that of a man whose policies will fit what he thinks will advance him. This of course is true of every politician; in Mr. Dewey's case, there is little evidence so far of his having any additional attribute.

Friend of Mediocrity

IF THE Republican line is to be dull and therefore to emphasize a certain mediocrity, they have a powerful ally in columnist George E. Sokolsky. With what is truly Peglerian venom, he has come out as the great apostle of the middle class—and what a middle class! It is the very incarnation of what was held up to ridicule for an earlier generation by H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis—with the sinister addition that whereas George Babbitt was a relatively harmless fellow, Sokolsky's hero is a violent nationalist of the most short-sighted variety, whose principal virtue is an ineradicable selfishness. He "ultimately . . . will resent all foreigners." He, as an individual, "is as important in the life of the American people as de Gaulle and Joe Stalin and even Winston Churchill." Perhaps it would be pleasant if such an ostrich attitude were possible—pleasant if thoroughly materialistic and thoroughly un-Christian. But unfortunately the long distance bomber and a few other deadly gadgets which we are constantly perfecting make this attitude not only morally indefensible but politically suicidal.

Mr. Sokolsky nowadays writes as though the middle class American were the only American. We are a country free of workers, of monopolists. Only "Joe Doakes, Feed and Grain Dealer on Main Street" is truly American. And as for those terrible Europeans and refugees—they had better mind their own business. The argument *ad hominem* is a weak argument, but in this case we cannot help asking Mr. Sokolsky whether his parents would have felt the same way about it.

Hitler's Rockets

IT SEEMS unlikely, as modern warfare goes, that effective antidotes will not soon be found for the robot bombs still falling on southern England—or for any variations threatening to be launched against the Allies in the predictable future. For the only war weapon for which an antidote hitherto has not been found is an overwhelmingly superior combination of men and matériel. That is Germany's unsolved and insoluble problem.

Meanwhile patrols of British planes appear to be exploding some of the robot bombs in mid-air, while other squadrons subject the launching platforms across the English Channel to the most drastic bombardment. Despite ack-ack the rocket barrage continues; casualties of an unspecified nature and extent are still inflicted.

Is the rocket in its present state of developmen a licit weapon? It can hardly be called as legitimate a means of warfare as precision bombing of war installations or as the incidental destruction of civilians which accompanies raids on important military targets. And anyone who objects to obliteration bombing on the basis of its results must also find the present rocket bomb thoroughly reprehensible. But there is an added reason why this German device, which can be aimed only at a large enemy area, is particularly blameworthy. Its very inaccuracy makes it relatively inefficient so far as military damage goes. It cannot even temporarily further Germany's operations in the war; it has worn off as a booster of sagging home morale. It can only bring needless destruction and human suffering. It can only steel British hearts against a people whose overwhelming defeat is increasingly inevitable and near at hand. German leaders are said to be striving now for only the least crushing peace. As Hitler's rockets actually arouse a new wave of anti-German resentment at this late hour, they could scarcely be more ill chosen from the German point of view. Hitler's rockets are really deadly boomerangs.

Making the Headlines

LIEUTENANT W. F. JAMES, executive officer of the *Coos Bay,* seemingly has been collecting pennies from his crew for several months, so that some day he might send a reasonably large sum of money in the name of this crew to the Associated Press and ask that it be used to "buy off" whatever strikers in war industry might be handy when the sum had grown large enough. A nice idea to make the headlines and to cheer up those who daily pray that our fighting men will come home to bust up all labor unions after they are through busting up Hitler and Hirohito. It almost looks, however, as though Providence had intervened. For Lieutenant James picked on a strike, when he finally sent his check to the AP, in which money was not at issue. The strike was occasioned by the introduction of seven Negro workers into a department of the Wright Aircraft Corporation which had previously been lily white. The union immediately ordered its members back to work, and apparently they went back to work. Some 600 non-union-members stayed out (it was really they whom Lieutenant James's check might have bought off) and the Wright Company informed these workers that they must come back or be fired. Over 200 of them did not come back. Sometimes Providence likes to play tricks.

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More Photographs

WELL, if you take the case of Rome, the case of the city and of the people of Rome, then, obviously, there is nothing that you can do about it. I mean that the people of Rome are going to keep on living just the way they did before. When we liberated the city of Rome from the fascists and from the Germans the people of Rome did not all put on the Phrygian bonnets of any old or new revolution. They were rid of a government which had led them to needless suffering, and it was certainly one of the worst governments they had had to endure, but after all it was only a government and, at best, they could only expect another government; at best, they could only hope that the new government would be less of a government, a little less oppressive as a government, a little less sure of itself, a little less all-invading. All that the Romans could hope for would be that the new government would entertain greatly diminished ambitions.

The Roman people have been governed a little more and a little longer than have the people of any other city in Europe; they have been governed so much and in so many ways that their attitude toward government is a little special, a little disillusioned. Their attitude is a little more disillusioned than that of the people, say, of Paris.

So that it is not possible to say that what has happened in Rome will happen in Paris. The people of Paris have been through almost everything that there is to go through and when Paris is free from Germans it is not likely that the Parisians will rise as they did before with the young hopes they once had in revolution. But it will not be in Paris the way it has been in Rome. There will not be just a day or two of comedy.

Life (June 26) has some photographs of the street scenes in Rome after we had entered Rome. There are some ferocious looking comedians with pistols and guns arresting somebody outside a tobacco shop. One volunteer has his hair slicked back and he is very stern; he holds his pistol close to his body in a professional manner; it would not be a bad guess to say that he is a professional plain clothes dick from Sicily, slicked up by the Roman barber shops and department stores. Another volunteer scowls and grimaces behind his gun and he is the son of an extra in one of the early Italian movies—"Cabiria"—in which lots of expression was needed in the mob scenes. It will not be that way in Paris. If there are people with guns in the streets of Paris they will not look that way. In Rome the guns were not fired. In Paris, if there are people with guns in the streets, there will be shooting.

Of course Rome is not like Paris; Rome is not like whatever the city in Yugoslavia is called into which Tito and the partisans hope to enter victorious; Rome presents a very special case of indifference.

Rome certainly has been a great disappointment to all those who, safe in America, project their own doctrinaire enthusiasms into Europe. I am not speaking of the Italian anti-fascist exiles or of the French supporters of de Gaulle, whose fervor is part of their nation's history and whose action is one of the forces which will determine their nation's future. One of the forces, however, which must meet other forces, including the force of indifference, and act with these forces or else become tyrannical. This piece is for Americans and principally for those Americans who have taken sides in the internal affairs of the nations we are liberating. Americans who want to throw out the monarchy in Italy and who are dismayed at the thought that there may not be a Fourth Republic in France. Americans who want to see pictures in the papers of civil war in France and who are disappointed that nothing much has happened in Italy. Americans who are hoping for better luck with their pictures when the workers of Milan and Turin get loose and when the Resistance Movement in France gets loose. Americans who are waiting for the Germans to get out so that everything can be made brand new and fresh and intransigent—for them to look at and applaud, for the Italians and for the French to pay for in blood, more blood, blood after the bloody war is finished. The Americans who talk about "apathy" in Normandy.

Week after week in these pages I have tried to remember that there are people in Europe who do not want further bloodshed, further prisons, further concentration camps, further purges, after this war is ended. I know that there are people who want these things and, if it is possible to want these things through noble motives, some of them have the noblest motives. And in some the motive is revenge and hatred. No matter what the motive I know that there are many people in Europe who hope that revenge and the noblest of motives alike will fail to draw Europe into civil war.

For the moment these Europeans are silent and it is for Americans to speak for them. I think Mr. Roosevelt speaks for them in his prudence and restraint. Sometimes it is as if we were back in the days of the silent film. There was a picture of the mayors of the liberated towns of Normandy. They had come to confer with the military authorities. They stood there and had their picture taken. They looked like the mayors who were there before the war, the men who signed the marriage papers and who made a speech once a year with the flags out the Fourteenth of July. They looked like the mayors the French would like to elect again.

C. G. PAULDING.

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What Not to Do with Spain

Why monarchy is no solution

Alfredo Mendizabal

TOO MANY people today put their faith in the miraculous efficacy of panaceas and of schemes to resolve from afar the most serious problems of a Europe which is undergoing radical transformation. The experience of war frequently warps human judgments as to what is possible or what is practicable. Many believe that having a plan is in itself sufficient—a plan with the force of arms and diplomatic strength to impose it—in order to succeed in establishing, or reestablishing, from without, the régime which best fits the desires, the convenience and the aspirations of those who are hardly the ones to define for each country what its structure shall be. Therefore it is necessary—and indeed urgent—to ponder not what has to be done with each people, but what has to be avoided, what must *not* be done, if it is agreed that the strength of the spontaneous desires latent in each of these peoples will provide valid solutions rooted in their collective psychology and acceptable to those peoples—who alone can give them realization and permanence. To work in any other way would be to build upon sand and prepare new upheavals.

Spain is one of the most difficult countries in Europe precisely because what it displays of itself to the outside world is only its most spectacular eternals, contradictions which seem irreducible, the extreme exasperation of opposites. And now, as during the Civil War, the people are forgotten, the great majority of the people who detest every régime *imposed* upon them (of whatever color it may be). Foreign wills imposed themselves upon Spanish parties in a state of conflict. Foreign wills decided the triumph of one faction and, as long as it will endure, gave certain characteristics to a régime which is nationalist but not in any sense national. When the foreign support which had insured its existence finally wavers, the fascist régime will automatically be stripped for all to see. At that moment, now near at hand, when nazism in Europe collapses with a roar, the countries directly or indirectly subject to it will be faced with the problem of recreating their basic institutions.

The victorious big powers will doubtless be able to render effective aid to these countries, but cannot substitute themselves for the wills of the respective peoples. Perhaps the most important political function of the powers will be to facilitate a democratic expression of such popular wills. No people except the Germans chose tyranny. And since each people which has endured tyranny knows its consequences only too well, it is logically unthinkable that it would choose—if there is an opportunity to choose freely—any régime other than one which will guarantee popular liberties. That the best guarantee against further international aggressions would be a community of free peoples is sufficiently indicated by the consideration of an obvious fact: all the imperialistic aggressions which occurred during the past decade were the work of dictatorial governments whose peoples were unable to express their wills. Dictatorship is not only harmful to the country which suffers it, but an imminent danger to the other countries as well.

In the supreme opportunity which the end of the world war offers Spain for the remodeling of its political and social structures, two follies are to be feared; on the one hand, an anarchical armed revolution of the masses, oppressed for many years and eager for revenge; on the other, an imposition of an authoritarian régime by foreign powers, failing to take into account the sentiments of the Spanish people. The first would be a catastrophe of incalculable extent; the second would be a decisive blunder which would lead indirectly to the very horrors which such inadequate means seek to avoid. As for the pure and simple continuance of the present fascist system, even its own leaders and supporters do not believe that possible. Besides the natural hostility of its adversaries there is also opposition on the part of those who supported that régime as a "means of salvation" or as a "lesser evil."

★

The dissent of the traditionalists who were, without question, at the beginning of the Civil War the most bitter partisans of the military insurrection and the most ardent fighters is widely known. For they soon came to realize that the predominant policy of the Falange, whose program Franco accepted as the basis for his totalitarian system, would lead in a direction which was repugnant to the traditionalists, and that they had sacrificed themselves for a cause which was not their own. "Sic vos, non vobis . . ."

The Church, which, through the voice of nearly

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all its bishops in Spain, had accepted and blessed the military uprising from the start (contradicting the instructions formally and unanimously given by the same bishops during the Republican period in order to keep Catholics away from the paths of sedition) *, began to realize later on what the totalitarianism of the Falange really meant and saw that solidarity with such a régime compromised the Church in Spain. It is an indisputable fact that Spanish periodicals were unable to publish Pius XI's encyclical against nazism, because the German censorship, which was established in the Peninsula, prevented it. And only in the final months of the Civil War did Cardinal Goma, Archbishop of Toledo, dare to protest publicly against "the divinization of the State which inverts the ends of political power, converting that power into the supreme objective of the activities of man, who becomes absorbed by the force of the State which encroaches upon him from every side." Only then was heard the pastoral voice of the Bishop of Pamplona recalling the binding force of the Fifth Commandment and demanding "pardon, forgiveness for offenses, peace."

But scarcely had this diagreement arisen when Cardinal Goma found himself forbidden to publish his instructions to the faithful, since the Franco régime did not allow the least criticism, even from an ardent collaborator. In her reaction against martyrdom in one zone the Church had accepted submission in the other, and submission to a totalitarian system which in its own program declared its intention of making use of the social force which she represented in order to annex the Church and incorporate her into its nationalistic ideas. When it was decreed that the name of the founder of the Falange should be inscribed on the walls of all the cathedrals in Spain, the protest of Cardinal Segura, Archbishop of Seville, stood out as an act of valor and a sign of resistance, because it remained isolated like a discordant voice in a disciplined choir. Of course the Church today in Spain is no longer the Church enthusiastic for the Civil War; in the bosom of the organizations of Accion Catolica passive resistance and bitter criticism of the régime are developing. But opposition is not openly manifest in these circles for fear of a counter-reaction which might result in the downfall of the régime. And therefore it is limited to opposing the "abuses" of the system; it does not go to the heart of the matter, failing to see that such "abuses" are essential and even consubstantial with any totalitarian state.

One of the most typical cases is that of the head of the parties of the Right, Gil Robles, exiled in Portugal because he cannot get along with the régime, despite having, at the beginning of the Civil War, disbanded his followers and recommended that they join the Falange. At the beginning of the current year Gil Robles addressed an open letter to the Minister of War of the Franco government suggesting to him nothing less than a *coup d'état* of the army to overthrow Franco and throw off the yoke of the Falange. The criticisms which he launched against the régime in this document are harsh and very specific, but they are limited largely to the international side of things, balancing the errors committed in this sphere with the acts committed against the United Nations. Hence the hostility of the head of the Rightists appears based on purely pragmatic motives: "Official Spain has identified its attitude with that of the Axis countries. As these have irretrievably lost the war, if Spain reaches the peace in her present political position, she will find herself beside the vanquished. The Allies will not forgive either Franco or the Falange." We might have hoped that the voice of a Spaniard summarizing the defects of the dictatorial régime under which his country has been laboring would condemn crimes which this régime had committed against its own people, and which were committed by a government which united illegitimacy of origin (imposed by violence and sustained by force) and tyranny in administration. None of that is found in the allegations of Gil Robles, who reproaches Franco only for having backed the wrong horse. But the truth is that in the political career of Gil Robles there were moments of extreme anti-democratism and dictatorialism; for instance on October 15, 1933, in calling for a "new State," he spoke in these words: "What matter if it requires the shedding of blood. . . . We must have all power. In the meantime we will not take part in the government in collaboration with anyone [a few months later he entered the coalition cabinet with the Radicals] . . . Democracy for us is not an end but a means of achieving the conquest of a new State. When the moment comes, Parliament will submit or we will have it dissolved."

★

In fact, Gil Robles shows no antipathy for fascism, but only for the fascism of Franco and the Falange, which excludes him from its councils; and he proposes as a solution or a way out of the present crisis the restoration of the monarchy which in his opinion would mean "the rectification of the foreign policy of Franco and the modifica-

* "The Church has never failed to inculcate the respect and obedience due to constituted power, even in those cases where its holders and representatives have abused it. . . . To cooperate, by participation or abstention, in the ruin of the social order, in the hope that from such a catastrophe a better condition may emerge is a reprehensible attitude which by its fatal effects would amount almost to treason against religion and country. . . . It is not by a seditious and violent attitude that Christians will remedy those ills which weigh them down." (Collective Declaration of the Episcopate on December 20, 1931.)

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tion of internal policy, which has done nothing more than deepen the abyss created by the Civil War." And in order that there be no doubt as to his meaning and interest, he adds: "It can and must save the essence of the National Movement, such as it was during its first upsurging period, and destroy the false policy which impairs our prestige and compromises us." His eyes, therefore, are focused solely on the effect that the present situation will produce among foreign powers and on the effect that an apparent change of system (which would leave the initial "essence" of fascism intact) would have on the world outside. Nevertheless a policy which so attentively watches international events and their direction seems unwilling to grasp the import of an observation which he himself makes: "When the war ends, there will be in the whole world a sweeping Leftist current. Can one think for one moment that the world will tolerate in Spain the existence of a régime so closely linked with Germany, one which the Reds accuse throughout the whole world of all sorts of crimes?" Will the restoration of the monarchy, which Gil Robles now defends as the most opportune of solutions, be any more in harmony with the currents of renewal or revolution in the post-war world?

The separation between the monarchy and the dictatorship appears clear in the words of Gil Robles: "The Franco régime is dead and the King cannot be compromised with it. What has to be done is to bury it. If he does not do this, the revolution will do it inexorably." But the real state of affairs is quite different: the monarchy which he seeks to restore is the very same which since 1923 exercised, with the military, a dictatorship up to the day when it fell into a void, in 1931, when the support of such a dictatorship was lacking. For the legal bases on which the monarchy had formerly rested had been suppressed by Alfonso XIII himself when he violated and destroyed the constitution. The monarchy fell in Spain under the weight of its own errors, which culminated in the suicide of the institution which was legitimate, when it was converted into an illegitimate absolute monarchy. And the facts cannot be circumvented by means of sophisms of the type which the ex-minister of the Republic, Gil Robles, is guilty of when, in order to support the cause of the Pretender, Don Juan de Bourbon, he says: "It will suffice for him to reassert the sovereign rights denied to him by a general provisionally named in critical circumstances and for a limited task, who by his will and under the shelter of a roof of interests, has taken himself to be the depositary of all sovereign power."

It suffices to recall that the insurrection of 1936 was not against the monarchy, which had disappeared five years before, but against the republic, whose legitimacy as a régime Gil Robles himself accepted (we have seen with what sincerity). So that the only legitimacy to restore (after the bloody parenthesis instigated by General Franco and his followers) would be republican legitimacy, purged of its errors and its past deviations: the Republic of 1931, accepted as the legal government by the majority of the Spanish people in the constituent elections of that year and reaffirmed in the general elections of 1933 and 1936, a system in which the Left and the Right governed in turn and under which a single deputy, Count Romanones, was elected as a candidate who was openly "monarchist."

Since the claims of a pretender to a throne which does not exist are involved in the intrigues of the present moment, it is worth examining the subject a little more closely. For many ingenuous spirits the monarchy represents a principle of stability and political security. But Spain in the nineteenth century suffered a succession of military uprisings and civil wars, and of the five last Spanish kings of the Bourbon dynasty, only one, Alfonso XII, who died as a young man, was able to reign continuously and to finish his days on the throne. The others (Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, Isabel II and Alfonso XIII) were forced to abdicate and go into exile. Biologically exhausted, the dynasty of the Bourbons of Spain disappeared without resistance. Haemophilia, the sorry wedding gift offered to Alfonso XIII, finally incapacitated his descendants. Whatever the attempt at restoration, it would, aside from other basic defects, involve the inevitable weakness which could end only in downfall. It is easy to guess that interest in reestablishment of the monarchy flourishes among the aristocracy, which cannot survive as a class without a rôle at court; or among the military, who obtained through it glamor and promotion; or among certain clerical elements—clerical rather than foresightedly Catholic in their attitude—for whom defense of throne and altar had been for some years the source of a dangerous confusion, arising from their effort indissolubly to link the Church with the decadent monarchy.

It is explained that the possibility of the return of a king awakens in others the hope of financial support for the country on the part of the power which eventually will exercise its protectorship over Spain, and will begin by imposing its candidate. But the great majority of the people, having no part in this maneuver, would be hostile to it. Under present circumstances fear of revolution might lead a number of people to accept the institution which they consider as an antidote against popular uprisings, but its sudden imposition would result only in bringing about armed revolution and making it more violent, which would be a logical reaction against a system which, even if it wished to (a thing that is hardly likely), could

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not be liberal. Besides, the only pretender, in whom lie the hopes or ambitions of those who sponsor him, is too closely linked with the cause of the Civil War to be able to blot out or annul its evil results. A few days after the outbreak of the military uprising, August 1, 1936, Don Juan crossed the Pyrenees frontier accompanied by a group of his followers. He received at Burgos a visit from the monarchist leaders. He had come to Spain to enlist as a volunteer in the Franco army. But on reaching Aranda de Duero, a telephone order from General Mola forced him to abandon the idea and to recross the frontier the very next day. Shortly afterward Franco made the following declaration: "It is my duty not to place in danger a life that one day may be precious to us."* What worried him was the possible popularity the prince might attain with Spanish conservatives, thus endangering the position of the Caudillo. But this much is clear: that Don Juan decisively placed himself on Franco's side in the war against a large part of Spain, a fact that would disqualify him—if indeed there were not other reasons for his disqualification—to be one day the king of all the Spaniards. In his manifesto for monarchy, Gil Robles seems conveniently to forget this incident, for he writes: "It will suffice for the King to condemn the errors of the system and this will raise a wave of enthusiasm . . . With this he will have enough." No. It would by no means be enough to condemn that system which he had sought to serve with gun in hand.

Furthermore, young Don Juan has not restrained his avowed admiration for the Italian fascist régime, having promised Spain the setting up of institutions analogous to those which have already disappeared along with Il Duce. To those who insist on maintaining that his passage through the school of the British Navy would have formed his mind according to English liberal principles, he has himself pointed out that his real political formation took place in Italy with fascism as the model. It is possible that restoration of the monarchy has a place in Franco's plans, when he sees that for him there is no other way out of the labyrinth in which he has plunged Spain. But the highest interest of the country lies precisely in finding genuine solutions, not expedients aimed at conserving what is about to collapse, but the means of renewal without falling into chaos from top to bottom. And it is also in the interests of international peace that a nucleus of what is obviously fascism does not remain on the Iberian Peninsula, neither in embryo nor under the guise of any dictatorship. In this interest the country democratically must be able to decide on those institutions which are to govern it and which all Spaniards must be able to consider as their very own and to control by means of popular representatives freely chosen.

*An account of this thwarted adventure appears in complete detail in the book of Felipe Bertran Guell, "Preparacion y Desarrollo del Alzamiento Nacional," Vallodolid, 1939.

The Amen Child

The Amen child along the cold,
As the bird hurleth up the dawn,
Hurries the hills. The cold the cold
Burns them, the stones he enters on

(Now bow) to stand then kneel then stand,
Candles among his amen hand.

Towards a wall this early face,
Over the face a managed air,
Back of the eye a richen place,
Harp harp amid the singing ear

And of (Amen) yes crown and wing
And wounds, the whisper-whisperings:

Ladý

like tower
like rose
like box
of day
like sun
like gold
y ball
on tree

Ladý
like sea

Marý

like smile
like smile
like snow
is fall

like sad
like star's
shine sil
ver down
fall tears
O rain
go lull
a by

a by
a by

Ladý

O I

love thee
love thee.

Love me

Amen.

KAPPO PHELAN.

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Eyeless in Lhasa

The "scientific" approach to prayer

A. F.

MR. GERALD HEARD, who has been living for some years in California, gives us, in his "A Preface to Prayer" (Harper, $2.00), the most serious and important book he has written since he came to this country in the company of Mr. Aldous Huxley. Admirers of these two young Englishmen will find striking parallel in the distance traveled by Mr. Huxley between "Eyeless in Gaza" and "Grey Eminence" and that accomplished by Mr. Heard between "Man the Master" and his latest work. Mr. Heard's Odyssey is not unlike the story of Saint Christopher, which, again, is paralleled in the Eastern legends of which Mr. Heard is so fond.

The strong man, glorying in his strength, will serve only that which is stronger than he—first the king; then the king's conqueror; then the devil; lastly, the Child, Who made Christopher and king, conqueror and devil. In the Eastern version, the strong man asks the devil to order the sun to stand still; blushing, the devil admits he cannot but there is One Who can. Mr. Heard, strong in modern techniques of hypnotism, auto-suggestion, ESP (Extra-Sensory-Perception), Mental Radio, and the more difficult science of Yoga, has bypassed the devil. But he finds, like the centurion of the Gospel, that because he says to one servant "Come," and he cometh, and to another "Go," and he goeth, that he must say, "Domine, non sum dignus." So far, excellent, for the answer is inevitable. But God is not only the answer to prayer; He is also the originator of it. "You would not seek Me if you had not already found Me" is yet another statement of fact. And Mr. Heard, it would seem, implies that it is *only* when we are become centurions, when we can say to circumstance, "Be favorable," and to accident, "I have controlled you," that we are ready for "a method of empirical discovery, a technique for contacting and learning to know reality."

His division of prayer into Low (selfish), Middle (for others) and High (prayer of simple attention) goes very near denying to God any connection with the lower forms. He does, indeed, admit that "by these means God draws us to Himself, both by granting us the power machinery whereby we answer our own prayers and also by showing us that the results we get are not the highest good that we could get." He also agrees with Father Liebermann that "everyone must pray at the level he is actually living at," and adds, "We must not pretend that we can skip to High Prayer because it seems to us it would be pleasant to be advanced. Indeed . . . such a wish is an acute form of spiritual pride." But Mr. Heard does not anywhere state that it is the same God Whom an anxious king or president beseeches for temporal victory and Whom Fénélon loved "without fear and without hope."

He is the same at all levels; it is only we who change, as we approach Him—"Non Ego in te, sed tu in Me mutaberis." (Augustine.) We do not finally attain Him by the sum of "the Mican three-fold definition of righteousness," for "He is ever more ready to hear than we to pray" and gives, with complete disregard for our sense of values, Paradise for a penny and, in defiance alike of the CIO and Mr. Heard's progress "from change of conduct through change of character to change of consciousness," this same Paradise equally to those who labored through the burden and heat of the day and those who worked but an hour.

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This is not to decry Mr. Heard's very orthodox insistence on morality as a prerequisite of "high prayer," nor his equal insistence that we must learn to control the body-mind. But it is impossible to agree when he insists that prayer should answer in "the affirmative the three questions": (1) Is it truly experimental; does it truly seek, not insisting on the type of answer it shall get? (2) Does it agreeably develop from former research enlarging the laws already proved fruitful? (3) Does it lead to results which are integrated, giving increasing power of creative response to circumstances? (Page 55.) With the first of these answers there can be no disagreement; but, alas, as the second and third questions show, Man is Master still for Mr. Heard. But prayer for such as Teresa of Lisieux, who never for an instant enjoyed the dark ecstasy she endured, or for Saint John of the Cross, for aeons in the Second Night, did not "agreeably develop." Nor are the results of prayer, even in its highest forms, necessarily integrated on our level, or on any level we can apprehend. He Who gives, whether prayer itself,

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or the will to prayer, can also take away. He can, and often does, leave His saints so dry, so desolate, so almost nearly despairing that, as Teresa of Avila once told Him, "Little wonder You have so few friends, since You treat them so badly."

As Reinhold Niebuhr pertinently remarked in his review of Mr. Heard's book in the New York *Times*, "The Christian faith does not believe that it is possible to *think* oneself out of egocentricity. In so far as there is a redemption from this corruption, it is by 'grace.'" Or, as Phillip Sidney sang to his earthly love, and our soul must to Love Itself, "Only in you my song begins and endeth," for without grace we cannot even fumble our way to our knees.

Prayer, Mr. Heard rightly says, is the third part of the whole compass of man's knowledge; natural and dogmatic theology are the other two. But his definitions of natural, dogmatic and mystical theology are peculiar to himself and, to say the least, give the impression that he aspires to be, if not the founder, then the first apostle, of a universal homo-centric faith. For the Christian, natural theology is not "an examination of natural phenomena in search of a purpose"; it is the proof, from creation, of a Person, Who is Creator. Dogmatic theology is not "an examination of history to see whether in this a Divine plan could be evidenced"; it is the revelation by God Himself to us, of mysteries impossibly beyond our apprehension by any other means, of His own personal life (the Trinity), of His relationship to Himself and to us, of His final objective for Himself and for us. Nor is mystical theology a "true, complete psychology, the exploration of the human consciousness to see whether God might be found there"; it is the experiences of the truths that dogmatic theology has taught us, the proving, by God in and for us, of what He Himself has already taught.

Mr. Heard is at his best within the compass of what he calls "natural theology" and most people would rather call scientific example. Especially striking are his two analogies for the "constant creative activity of the contemplative"; these are, the necessity for the unnoticed activity of vegetable life (intake of carbon dioxide, giving out of oxygen) and the necessity for the existence of the neutron, "the kind of window or lens through which comes a power which makes it possible for the world we sense and see to be there at all. Such is the contemplative." His incursions into what he calls dogmatic theology (which, indeed, is for us Church History) are less serene and less successful. He does not seem so concerned with "the examination of history to see whether it can be said that in this a Divine plan could be evidenced," as he is with proving that "as the Church of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch have erred, so also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith." (Articles of Religion No. XIX, Book of Common Prayer.)

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Mr. Heard declares, however, that until nineteenth century savants and translators made available to us the Vedanta, the Buddhist and Taoist Scriptures, it was regrettably necessary to accept the Roman Church, because (a) there were no other professionals who could teach the life of prayer, and (b) there was no other school for saints—no other organization delivered the goods, and (c) because "either you had to be a free-lance, be your own fount of revelation, create your own Canon and know, if you had any honesty, that your guidance often misled you . . . or, on the other hand, you had to fall back on a rigid authority, accept blindly a Church which is intense but whose standard as to what is the Church and what is the Scripture has been narrowed and fearful because lacking in truth and charity." Now, however, "we know of the scriptures of Vedanta, of Buddhism, Jainism and Taoism, all of which contain writing as lofty as the best in the Bible. This is the Canon, this is the Scripture, whereby the spiritual discoveries of prayer must be gauged. And it is the spiritual authority of such men which can rule how we should pray."

Mr. Heard's Eureka is based on two main premises: his detestation of such Romish horrors as the cruelty of the Inquisition and the private life of some of the Popes ("They were not merely hard businessmen—they were criminals") and his abhorrence of the Hebrew Canon and of the "bloodthirsty Yahweh of the Semites."

Indeed, his history throughout lets him down. For there is nothing in the history of Christianity, horrifying though it often has been, quite as revolting as parts, indeed as the greater part, of the history of India. Nor, at its most corrupt, did the Church ever condone practices as unpleasant as the worship of Kali, the voodoo rites, suttee, and many, many other forms of *puja,* some quite unmentionable. There have been, undeniably, great Hindu and Buddhist as well as Muslim saints. (Mr. Heard curiously leaves the Koran severely out of his Canon, indeed out in the cold), and Asoka can stand beside Saint Louis as a great king-saint. But of the "continual pity" which has throughout the ages "cleansed and defended" the Church, there is not in the Far East a sign—that outpouring of Christ's charity which is expressed by the religious orders, the hospitals, the schools, indeed by all the temporal works of mercy, is absent *in toto* from the Far East. It is present in Islam; and it is perhaps because Islam is, fundamentally, a Christian heresy that Mr. Heard is as bored with it as he is with Judaism. For he seems impatient of the whole historical

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process of God in history, present alike in Abraham's crude human sacrifice and in the most refined ecstasy of *Rumi*.

Mr. Heard's violent dislike of the Psalms is in curious contrast to his approval of, and insistence on, the use of self-torture and the lash in Catholic "psychophysical practice." He devotes many pages of his best English to a rather horrible description of the Curé d'Ars's self-flagellation. It is almost as though for him, as for Mr. Huxley, the thought of another's pain inflicts an anguish comparable only to a certain pleasure they both experience either in self-torture, or in the spectacle of self-torture (*vide* passages in all Mr. Huxley's books, from "Antic Hay" to "Grey Eminence").

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Mr. Heard seems ignorant of the Christian's belief in the fact of the Holy Ghost's continuing presence in, and direction of, the Church. The Scriptures are inveighed against and appealed to by Mr. Heard continually; but the Fathers, the Councils, the Encyclicals are barely mentioned. A few doors were slammed, according to him, by Paul; the next windows to be opened were by Dr. Coomaraswamy and company. Actually, however, though he gives his version of Catholic theology and its errors, he does not do the same by Buddhist, Hindu or Taoist theology, whether natural, dogmatic or contemplative, so that the reader is left without any measure against which to compare the outworn creed of Christ!

Browse where you will, Mr. Heard advises; the gates are open, the barriers down; and those who worship in spirit and in truth shall find ascetical and mystical theology in the Tao and in the Vedanta that will not contradict John of the Cross or Father Baker. Thereby, negatively and by omission, admittedly, he is yet, in fact, appealing to the authority he denies and derides. Only in his foreword does he make a positive and constructive suggestion: "As in the second century the Alexandrine Fathers incorporated Greek thought and so gave Christianity a world appeal, so, today, with an even greater extension of psychology and cosmology, an extension given by Buddhism and Vedanta, we must incorporate this knowledge in our practice of prayer." It certainly is a necessity, and one of which the Church is well aware, that what is true in the great Oriental, pre-Christian Scriptures must be incorporated into the teaching of the Church, and the work that Aquinas did for Aristotle has been already begun for the Vedanta by such scholars as de Nobile and Dandolo.

But surely it is, even from the point of view of a non-Catholic, rather hazardous to send enquiring souls to venture out "like little wanton boys that float on bladders, far, far beyond their depth" to practice the ways of prayer elaborated by proficients from the Vedanta, the Dhammapada, the Tao. Surely the way in is always the only safe way out? It seems cruel folly to advise any but a trained historian, and one who is also somewhat practiced in prayer, to stravage about in Hindu and Buddhist pastures. If, with the whole inbred Christian tradition, way of thought and life, and 2,000 years of Christian history behind him, a man cannot profit from Thomas à Kempis or the Lord's Prayer without fortifying himself with the Rig Vedas, does Mr. Heard really think he will advance that much forrader and faster with the Mahabharata than he did with Deuteronomy?

There are some who say that there is value even in heresy, in that it makes the Church pull up socks, take cognizance of certain perhaps neglected aspects of truth, define and map hitherto uncharted areas. But there is also the sad fact that after each such stand taken, there is more bitterness, harshness and fear, in the world of thought, of speculation. Mr. Heard's attack on the Church is a pity, even from his own point of view, for it will close more doors than it can possibly open.

And for himself, for his own personal spiritual adventure, there is the grave warning of Saint John of the Cross (the very writer to whose authority as a guide he most constantly refers), "If a man put himself into the Dark Night, he will open the door to hell."

The Unscored Symphony

LOUIS F. DOYLE

THE MORE widely one ranges through the God's plenty of classic English prose, the more surely he returns like a homing pigeon to that one unmatched (and possibly flawless) piece of non-Scriptural prose, the Gettysburg Address. The heart of its mystery no one will ever pluck out. Analyzing it is as futile as dissecting a seamless garment or measuring a house not built with hands. Better just to say that for once in the turmoil of history the man and the moment met and brought forth the most thunderous brief symphony in the English language.

Lincoln's alleged rejoinder to an alleged lady who deprecated the length of his legs comes to mind. Walking to a full-length mirror, he soberly examined the offending limbs and said, "Madam, you must be mistaken; they are exactly long enough. They just reach the ground." Similarly, a Lincoln word, phrase, letter, address is exactly long enough to reach the mind and the heart of its hearer. (He never learned that in Congress.) More, it is just delicate enough to comfort a Mrs. Bixby, or blunt enough to stop an office-hunter, or sharp enough to discourage, without alienating,

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the detractors of a Grant. But the Address is not a matter of proper words in the proper order. Such artifacts are legion. Its secret lies deeper.

To dispose of a commonplace: it is quite possible, even probable, as Alexander Woolcott has contended, that Ida Tarbell's classic tale, "The Tribute of Silence," has no factual foundation and that not more than a few dozens of the estimated one hundred thousand original auditors could even hear the brief speech. Still reeling under the impact of Hale's two-hour oration, even those nearest the open-air platform could hardly have adjusted themselves to the President's high voice before he had ended and retired. But even had a loud speaker blared his words to the farthest listeners, silence would probably have greeted its end—or perfunctory applause. For alert and sensitive indeed must any intelligence have been to know it immediately for the marble wonder of clarity, compression, phraseology, taste and cadence that it is, falling as it did from the lips of a gaunt and harried man who manifestly regarded his own performance as a mere official function, a dutiful gesture of seemliness and propriety.

The "Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery," its full dress title, delivered on November 19, 1863, consists of three paragraphs of 30, 71 and 166 words, not one of which is above the grasp of a normal twelve-year-old's mind. Read at the tempo inherent in the texture, it requires exactly three minutes to complete. Yet the total effect, after a hundredth reading, is that of a symphony in three great movements: the theme (one sentence), the occasion (four) and the climax (five). Within its compass is contained the history of the first eighty-seven years of that great experiment, the American Republic: its amazing inception, its miraculous survival, its hot resentment of European contempt, the squalor and heroism of its frontier, its bumptious rejoicing in its own growing strength, the spasm of fear for the future that shook it at times, the strange blend of idealism and practicality that made it the world's political enigma, the gathering clouds and the catastrophe of civil war—and the last tremendous sentence crescendos to the first clear, unequivocal, irrevocable declaration of the *raison d'être* and the faith of a young civilization, delivered at the darkest moment of that conflict by one who had prayerfully weighed the consequences long before and had coldly committed the nation to abide by the issue. The Union was worth it.

There is no art here. Even that art which is so consummate that it conceals itself is still art. It is still a confession that it dare not face the light of intellectual day without some sort of drapery, however austere. But this stands forth utterly naked of any rhetorical device save literary good manners. It is as purely functional as the lines of a log cabin, rising like an exhalation from the earth against a cloudless sky. Besides crystal clarity and quintessential compression, and the effortless rising of a great mind to a grand occasion, there is only the crowning excellence of the perfect fusion of the inevitable idea with the inevitable phrase, which is birth, not composition; a becoming, not art. And of this union comes the surging rhythm, beginning like the lapping of waves on a quiet shore but growing with almost appalling rapidity to the dull thunder of a tidal wave that presages destruction to all that opposes its might. How this symphony is to be orchestrated and instrumented, I hardly know. I am only sure that there is no need here for the tambourines of the Battle Hymn of the Republic or the trumpets of the Star Spangled Banner, dear as those things are. This is something more in the nature of a cool prophecy of some divine, far-off event toward which the whole creation moves, a movement in which "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall be a spearhead.

The story that Lincoln outlined the Address in his mind as he traveled toward Gettysburg and scribbled the words on a chance bit of paper is true, no doubt, but misleading. Masterpieces are not born in such a Pallas-like manner. He began writing it—or it began writing itself into his heart and brain—with the first intelligent impressions that came to him in Illinois. There is not a thought or sentiment in it that had not fully crystallized into full conviction long before the guns of Sumter startled the incredulous nation. The grueling years of public debate before his election to the presidency had stripped his mind of the verbiage and ornament then known as oratory, stripped it as mercilessly as hard training relieves an athlete of fat. His words needed only utterance to impress themselves indelibly. It is doubtful, nevertheless, that he knew till later that he had immortalized some thirteen score words. There is such a thing as the genius of a nation taking over a worthy instrument in a supreme crisis, and surely we need not hesitate to affirm at this late date that Lincoln in November, 1863, was, in so far as one man can be, the Republic in agony. None envied him.

Lincoln was a politician, the shrewdest we have seen. A politician in our country is a man who is elected to public office by a free people's vote. He was also a statesman—of a very high order. A statesman is a public servant who, faced at long last by the dilemma of the two masters, chooses the welfare of his country, thereby committing political suicide. To his generation, he was "that ape in the White House that got us into a civil war." Had he lost that war, he would be still just that. But we have had more than one President who rose to statesmanship. Lincoln was more: he was what a somewhat fulsome poem calls him, the captain of a ship, a badly battered ship, that

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he was fully prespared to go down with but which he most marvelously brought to port. . . . "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here." What a misjudgment!

Communications

LONDON COMMENTARY

Wahpeton, N. D.

TO the Editors: Having just read in THE COMMONWEAL for June 16 the article on India by J. L. Benvenisti, I am taking, for a bit of comment, time which I can ill spare. This comment, while hastily written, may yet serve as a statement of opinion by an American citizen who has no prejudice either in favor of India nor against England.

This citizen finds in most English statements a conscious or unconscious attempt to cover up the fact that the history of British rule in India has been a history of vast exploitation. My wife who has studied the question far more deeply than I have had time to do is "all for India." I tend to agree with Mr. Benvenisti that the question is far more involved than most Americans realize.

But it is not simplified by obscuring facts and ignoring counter-arguments. For example, Mr. Benvenisti points out the fact that India is a domain of discords, but he deals not at all with the weighty argument that England has been, and is, concerned with widening the breaches rather than closing them. And he infers what is contrary to fact: that American opinion on this matter is uninformed and unintelligent. Even in so short an essay he should have time to recognize, from a critical standpoint, the influence on intelligent American opinion of the writings of H. N. Brailsford, an Englishman.

And with all the great respect which is due to Lord Halifax personally, it must be admitted that recent public statements on India by Lord Halifax are perfect examples of the "cover-up" policy. We have here a case of dual personality which is one of the most serious menaces against civilization. Lord Halifax is, by common consent, a sincere Christian gentleman—*personally;* but, as *an ambassador,* he says exactly and only what his government thinks expedient to be said. No matter how thin you slice it, that is Machiavellian, and reminds one of Wotton's famous pun: an ambassador is a man sent to lie abroad for his country.

Against the theory of benevolence set forth by Halifax and Benvenisti, I set a private statement made some sixteen years ago by an English army officer, veteran in Indian service, referring to the policy of setting factions in India against each other: "It's ghastly, but there's nothing else we can do." Against the theory of benevolence, I set not only the whole history of British rule in India but also Churchill's former admission that two out of every ten Englishmen are dependent on India.

With this letter you can do, as of course you will do, exactly what you please. It is not written by an expert on India, but by a citizen who thinks himself intelligent, and whose prejudice, if he has any, is just now in favor of England. In saying anything against English policy we face the uncomfortable fact that Paul Goebbels is quite anxious to have us do just that. It is for that very reason that I wish that apologists for the British policy toward India would treat us as something different from totally uninformed children.

F. H. McMAHON.

A NOTE ON SINARQUISM

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In considering the "Sinarquismo" phenomenon in Mexico (as Mr. Skillin did so well in his article), one central fact must at all times be borne in mind. That is that Mexico is in form a *democracy* and in substance *totalitarian,* and that the essence of the Sinarquist movement is revolt against its totalitarianism.

That Liberal opinion in this country finds it convenient to ignore this fact is all the more reason why we should not. There is no fundamental difference between totalitarian democracy and either nazism or fascism or sovietism, from the point of view of human freedom. It is totalitarianism which is the real enemy in the conflict in which we are engaged.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editors: For quite a while I have been following the articles on the Sinarquists and every article I have seen is the same article written and rewritten. The article you published recently is the same article that has been appearing in the *New Republic,* the *Nation,* New York *Times* and the Chicago *Daily News.* This seems to be a perfect imitation of taking in one another's wash. I haven't seen anything new against the Sinarquists published in the past three years. One would think that in that length of time they would have done something to live up to the bad name that was hung on them so long ago.

But I did know José Urquiza intimately, and I am sick and tired of seeing his name smeared with the talk of him having fought in Franco's army. José was one of the finest men I have met. He was engaged to marry one of the girls in my office. He was never off this continent. He has been slandered since his death, and of course the standard insult is that he fought with Franco. I sincerely regret that you continue to slander the name of a dead hero, who loved his country, believed in his country and on many occasions expressed his utter lack of interest in the affairs of the old world.

That phrase by which you want to characterize him as a follower of Franco has been repeated so often that it must come from a central source. The source is a lying source and its use discredits anything else in the rest of the article about the Sinarquists.

DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

Within the next week or two THE COMMONWEAL *is planning to publish in this column a much more detailed criticism of "A Note on Sinarquism." At that time we shall take up points raised in Father Lord's letter and other communications we have printed on this subject.*—THE EDITORS.

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The Stage & Screen

Hats Off To Ice

IT IS obvious that the new Ice Revue at the attractive Center Theater *is* new: costumes and *mise en scène* look fresh and crisp, and the performers look interested. As this is the first of these "Musical Icetravaganzas" (appalling term) I have seen, I am unable to draw any comparisons; and as I am also burdened with a meandering mind—only too capable of the most exhaustive and brazen embroidery of other peoples' patterns—I must confess I don't think the affair is all that it might be. The easiest quibble is that the show is at least an hour too long, but this problem is (I learn from the dailies) being rehearsed out; by far the more crucial failing is that the musical end is *nil*—ill-arranged, ill-played, with no memorable airs, mainly a lot of loud razmataz incidental to nothing. It was as though each sequent turn on the ice merely pulled another number—something fairly suitable—from the orchestra, and at no time did one get the feeling that the music made the skating as well as the skating making the music all at once. Perhaps the use of the revue technique, employing as it does an endless series of acts peopled by an endless number of virtuosi, may be responsible for this division; but I am inclined to think that it is the lack of any single, over-all, creative imagination which blunts the evening at the Center and drags it out. So that what emerges is simply an arrangement of possibilities, never a choice. And there is another inherent perplexity which must, I think, be mentioned. This is the matter of costumes, particularly on the feminine end. For some reason, the aspect of a tall and beautiful girl geared in long, pale, and flowing chiffon out of which peeps a pair of skating boots, of no matter what size, appears to me to be esthetically worrying; a disturbance. Again the extravagant revue idea, necessitating so much physical variety, so many changes of costume and scene, seems to me the wrong one. Why not, I wonder, select the skill-men and an ensemble, build a book, write or choose the precise music, and above all, set and dress the business so that the girls can be skaters frankly rather than shockingly. Thinking from "Hans Brincker" through "Pickwick" to "Orlando," there are enchanting literary precedents to serve as a touch-and-go for such an affair; and certainly it is at its simplest that this silver spectacle is most magical. Even to the most determined pedestrian the idea of skating is approximately heavenly: Icarian rather than aeronautical, joyous rather than weird. Of the dream department. As my squire of the evening plaintively remarked in the midst of Friday: "Why don't they ever have any skating scenes in these things?"

To cap this long complaint, I want especially to mention Carol Lynne and, of course, Freddie Trenkler. Miss Lynne is Amazonian, amazing, lightning-like and sure. She uses every inch of ice on the enormous stage and it is thrilling to watch her. Mr. Trenkler is the wizard of the proceedings and, I think, an experience. A great clown, he is either lickity-split all over the lot, or else stopped—bang! I have only found this same sort of gay, debonair, endless activity in random movies—particularly in a French cartoon where a wicked Fox danced right round the world, ahead of every hunter. But in the movies, of course, this sort of conquest is only accomplished by having the world move too. Mr. Trenkler managed it all by himself and, what's more, his music fitted. These two are far too seldom in this job; I would like to see the whole show built around them: the lady and the fool. (*At the Center Theater.*)

Love On Leave

A SMALL piece of stale foam arranged around the premise that every young man in our Navy is a Bluebeard, and every suburban schoolgirl a potential doxy. Called a comedy. Millard Mitchell as the Expert on Juvenile Problems (*Saturday Evening Post* stuff), whose youngest daughter proceeds to undo his theories one by one, was lost. Rosemary Rice, Joann Dolan, John Conway severally did what they could. It is difficult to choose between censuring the producers' nerve in putting it on and commending their dispatch in taking it off.

KAPPO PHELAN.

W. Somerset Maugham

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has turned up in literature, theater and cinema this year without increasing his stature in any of these arts. In spite of the critics who pointed out the superficiality of his novel "The Razor's Edge" (which is mainly about a

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young man in search of life and religion) this book has hit the best-seller lists. His play "Sheppey" (about a whimsical barber thought to be nuts when he found religion and gave his money away) did not fare so well and, regardless of Edmund Gwenn's charming performance, lasted only a short while on Broadway. Then, a couple of months ago, there was released a movie, "The Hour Before the Dawn," based on his novel which ran in the *Red Book*. Unfortunately this film's promising start (in which Franchot Tone as a conscientious objector seemed to satisfy the draft board that he could not and would not bear arms in this war) petered out, and wound up as a melodrama in which Tone married Veronica Lake, a spy who signaled nazis by setting fire to hayricks. The film ended with Tone joining the air corps, and left us with the conclusion that he had got over his aversion toward killing by needlessly murdering his incendiary wife.

One hates to be an ill-mannered host to this visiting author who has been in our country for some time, but one wonders if Americans are not being taken in by Mr. Maugham. His stories deserve much of their popularity because of their interesting plots and good craftsmanship; no doubt their half-truths and dabblings in philosophy have an air of seeming to be the real thing. But surely Maugham's cynicism and lack of depth must be obvious to anyone who is not thrilled by the cheapness and sophistication found in "The Razor's Edge," "Sheppey" and "The Hour Before the Dawn." A glance at the history of motion pictures reveals that Maugham stories have several times been the source of interesting movies. While "Rain," "Of Human Bondage," "The Letter" and "Moon and Sixpence" may not have made history as examples of films that forwarded the art of cinema, they offered characterizations that are remembered among the screen's best.

Once again, a novel by W. Somerset Maugham has been made into a film that brings Maugham's failings and virtues to the fore. It is not fair, however, to blame or credit all of *"Christmas Holiday"* on this author. The changes from his original novel have been considerable. Furthermore, a large number of people get their fingers into a movie before you see it on the screen, and usually no one person is responsible for the composite picture that emerges.

"Christmas Holiday" is the story of an ardent love. While the film never jells as a whole, it is absorbing in its individual scenes. Robert Siodmak has effectively directed his good cast to create a mood within each episode; and the actors responded well to his direction. Much fuss has been made over the fact that this is Deanna Durbin's first straight dramatic rôle. Whether Miss Durbin has the ability to continue in such rôles remains to be seen, but in "Christmas Holiday" her naïve, doll-like face fits the requirements perfectly. Without ever understanding the situation, the girl from New England marries the erring son of a New Orleans family. She truly loves him and stays by him through his deception and crime. Her love and patience are rewarded by a slap in the face from her husband's doting mother who unjustly blames her for the man's weakness. But her love remains constant, and while her husband serves his prison term, the girl works in a disreputable night club until her fidelity is misunderstood even by the man of her devotion. The heavy make-up and flashy clothes worn by Miss Durbin as the road house entertainer are in striking contrast to the personality of the real Abigail, the unaware and trusting wife of Robert Manette. In the rôle of her husband, the last of the name—proud but bad blooded Manettes—Gene Kelly gives another of his effective "heel" performances. This time, however, there is more than a suggestion of the pathological in the character's relations with his mother and associates of ill repute. Vivid characterizations have always been one of Maugham's strong points; in this movie, the supporting rôles as well as the principals come through forcefully: Gale Sondergaard as the protecting mother of a degenerate son, who clutches at the fresh healthy girl as a last hope; Richard Whorf as the reporter who thoroughly understands the Manette situation; Gladys George as the hard-soft manager of the road house; Dean Harens as the young lieutenant who forgets his own troubles as Abigail tells him her story of suffering and devotion.

Felix Jackson has given "Christmas Holiday" a good production, which Director Siodmak uses to advantage. There is one long, beautiful and quite authentic sequence in which Abigail and the lieutenant go to Midnight Mass at St. Louis Cathedral; there is the moving scene in which Manette brings his fiancée home for his mother's inspection; the film has caught well the timing and atmosphere of the "joint" where Abigail works; the suspicious off-color note that pervades the Manette household is also effectively portrayed; and the entire picture uses music exceedingly well to assist the mood of the visuals. It is unfortunate that all this material adds up so poorly. Herman J. Mankiewicz's script too frequently skirts around the subject matter. Although "Christmas Holiday" is pretentious and unsatisfactory as a whole, it has a fascinating quality that puts it in the entertainment if not the cerebral class. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE DUTCH DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE. *Leo Van Puyvelde. Phaidon. Oxford.* $5.50.

THREE WARS WITH GERMANY. *Reginald Hall and Amos J. Peaslee. Putnam.* $3.00.

The King's Drawings

LEO VAN PUYVELDE, Director of the Royal Museums of Fine Arts of Belgium and Professor at the University of Liege, has been at work, during the war, at Windsor Castle cataloguing the drawings in the collection formed by George II, III and IV. In 1942 a first volume, the Flemish Drawings, was issued. There will be subsequent volumes for the French, the Italian, the English drawings and a special volume for Holbein. This spring we have the Dutch. The volume has been printed in England and in that fact there is something very consoling. The Belgian professor has been able to work through the "gracious kindness of H. M. The King" and there is something very consoling about these seventeenth

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and eighteenth century drawings, and Windsor Castle standing there in England, and a man sitting in a library verifying the attributions of the drawings and then having them published in a very fine volume with the nice phrase about the "gracious kindness" in the preface.

There are 87 pages of descriptive catalogue and then there are some 150 plates. A specialist knows what is a catalogue raisonné, but someone who wanted only a picture book might wonder whether there were not a good many pages in this book which he would not read. But that would be a mistake, for the meticulous descriptions of the drawings, even of those not reproduced in the plates, have a great charm in themselves. Has anyone ever observed that the people who describe drawings in a catalogue, with no other purpose in mind than that of making it impossible to confuse one drawing with another, reach an economy in descriptive style which is amazingly effective?

"Two ladies, wearing masks, in a horse-drawn sleigh and a gentleman seated behind, driving. The horse is moving to the left. In the foreground, at the left, a skater is seen from the back." Hendrik Avercamp. (1585-1634.)

"In the foreground, meadows; in the middle distance, trees and a house, in the background, hills." Josua de Grave. (1660-1712.)

"A man and a woman in classical dress are seated beside a memorial surmounted by an urn. To the left a path winding under trees; to the right in the background, landscape with a pointed tower." Jan van Huijsum. (1682-1749)

"White paper; black chalk; grey wash," or "grey paper; black chalk; heightened with light blue chalk," or "white paper; point of the brush; water colors."

Surely these brief notations create the picture, and not the orientals alone have the secret of economy and directness.

And then from time to time through the analysis of the drawings one sees something of the great continuity of art. For instance, Leo van Puyvelde studies a drawing of Tobias and the Angel by Adam Elsheimer (1578-1610) "The young Tobias is being guided by an Angel, who follows him down a slope to the left. To the right, the outskirts of a wood; to the left, trees in the distance." He finds that this drawing must have served for an engraving (reproduced) by Hercules Seghers and then he remembers that at the death of Seghers his effects were put up for sale and that Rembrandt "bought six of his etched plates." Rembrandt's engraving "The Flight into Egypt" (1653) is a re-working of the wonderful Seghers plate of Tobias.

The plates that follow the catalogue are of great interest, and it is hardly necessary to say so, for it is fairly well known that the Dutch were magnificent draughtsmen who looked at their landscape and at their people with tenderness and precision.

Mail Across the Sea

THIS IS one of those comparatively rare occasions where what might well have been a privately printed exchange of correspondence is presented for the general public. "Three Wars with Germany" has all the flavor of the kind of memento successful Americans sometimes send to numbers of their friends. One of the correspondents, Sir Reginald Hall, was the head of British Naval Intelligence in the last war—and apparently so good at it that he intercepted and decoded every single cable and radiogram sent or received by Germany. This gives the material a certain historic significance. So, too, does the bulk of the letters, which deal with American efforts to collect for the sabotage accomplished by Germany in this country before we entered the last war.

The path to establishing German responsibility for the Kingsland and Black Tom explosions was a long and tortuous one: it was finally adjudicated only in 1939 and then the German Commissioner on the claims board took a walk before the decision could be rendered. The case supplies plenty of ammunition for those of the "tough peace" school. Sir Reginald himself is as bloody in his remarks about the Germans as anyone could wish. But his comments on the England of just before the war, after Dunkirk and during the blitz, are of unusual interest. So too is the growing friendship and affection reflected in these letters, since Hall and the American, Peaslee, came to know each other only through collaboration on the case. Their whole families eventually became the most intimate of friends. The "third war" is, of course, the Hall-Peaslee effort from 1925 to 1939 to secure compensation from Germany for the Lehigh Valley Railroad and other American claimants. Peaslee conducted the case, but Hall supplied much of the evidence and a wealth of personal encouragement. The book is not far from the fringe of "literary curiosa."

More Books of the Week

The Arab Heritage. Edited by Nabih Amin Faris. Princeton. $3.00.

WHEN KIPLING wrote, more than a generation ago, Oh, the East is East, and the West is West, and never the twain shall meet," the Summer Seminar in Arabic and Islamic Studies, which is held every third year at Princeton University, was probably undreamed of; nobody then could have reckoned on the intelligent and persistent effort of a number of orientalists and historians to enable the West to understand the culture and traditions of the East, particularly the Near East. The volume under consideration springs from that effort; it is a collection of lectures delivered at Princeton in 1941: each lecture or essay is the work of a scholar in the field: each is so clearly presented that the reader is captivated and lured from chapter to chapter.

Naturally, Professor Hitti's contribution, "America and the Arab Heritage," is marked by the learning and pungent observation that one has come to expect of the author of "A History of the Arabs." Readers who have traveled in the Near East will be fascinated by the accounts of Pre-Islamic Arabia and Islamic origins, for Professor Della Vida and Professor Oberman have managed to present the background of the Bedouins of today in such a manner as to explain much that is characteristic of them and of the Near East in general.

The chapter on Arabic poetry is charming, and one lingers over the translations, but it does not impel an interest in the Arabic language, without a knowledge of which there can be no real understanding of the Near East, as does Professor Jurji's chapter on scientific thought: most of the facts in that chapter are familiar to the general reader, but the survey of the Arabic language as a medium which "readily lends itself to the demands of exact and positive expression" is striking. Philologists seldom give scientific writers their due as moulders of language, and certainly a language by means of which the body of ancient scientific thought has been preserved for

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the Western world must have been invigorated when wrested to the needs of scientific writers.

From a literary angle, the brief biography of Al Ghazzali, for which the editor of the volume is responsible, is a delightfully sympathetic bit of writing, and it is rich in allusions to Western mysticism.

Professor LaMonte, who wrote on the Crusaders, holds no higher opinion of most of those warriors than did Saint Francis of Assisi, who consorted with some of them: the crusades were not for the Cross, nor were the Moslems waging a Holy War. But Saint Louis of France remains a hero: "No political motives need be sought for this crusade. Saint Louis' natural piety and his desire to rescue the Holy Land was the only cause, and the crusade itself was the response of the chivalry of France to the beloved monarch. . . ."

One of the most agreeable chapters in the book is that of Professor Savage on the journey to Jerusalem and Cairo made in 1395 by Ogier of Anglure; this is the "Saint Voyage" described in Ms. Fr. 15217 in the Bibliotheque Nationale and in Ms. No. 189 in the Library of Epinal. Professor Savage says, "Any student of the Jerasalem of the Middle Ages will find it profitable to read 'Le Saint Voyage' much more carefully than any student has yet done." Surely that is a delightful post-war project.

Perhaps there is nothing startlingly new in Professor Ettinghausen's contribution, "The Character of Islamic Art." What he tells is doubtless an old story to students of the history of art, but he tells it in such a fashion that the general reader will remember the chapter when he steps on an Oriental rug or gazes at a bit of Persian pottery. The absence of the three dimensional figure or its grotesqueness, the prevalence of the two-dimensional design, the general simplicity of materials employed, and the iteration of motif are all accounted for. This chapter is admirably illustrated. D. H. MOSELEY.

James Laynez, Jesuit. Joseph H. Fichter, S.J. Herder. $3.00.

I DOUBT if it is generally remembered that the second general of the Company of Jesus was a Jew, whose family, although converts for three generations, were still known as "new" Christians. The profile of James Laynez may have startled some of his students, but not Saint Ignatius, who once said, "I would certainly consider it a great blessing if I had been born a Jew, as I would then be a blood relation to the race of Jesus Christ and of the most holy Virgin."

James Laynez had always been a bright boy; by the time he was twenty had won both a B.A. and an M.A. from the University of Alcala in New Castille, which was also one of the mileposts on the stony road of education traveled by that former hard fighting cavalier, Ignatius Loyola. Laynez had felt the spell of the barefooted, grey-gowned student who had tried to beg his bread, feed the poor and train his own mind and other men's souls all at once, and, when Ignatius was next heard of in France, Laynez and his fellow graduate, Salmeron, rode the many rough miles across the Pyrenees to join Ignatius at the great University of Paris. In the chapel on Montmartre they were among the seven who took vows to devote the rest of their lives to God and their neighbors. Two years later, 1636, the first band of Loyola's future army marched singing over the Alps to join their leader in Venice. An earthly Jerusalem, however, was not to be the goal of their pilgrimage. God needed their help in the tremendous reforms that were to be instituted by the Council of Trent. Spain's spiritual soil had been generously watered by the Spanish contemplatives, and these seedlings of their prayers transplanted to Rome were to be the sources of reforestation and planting of the faith in four continents.

Laynez was soon to be acknowledged as one of the greatest theologians of his time. Already on the eight weeks hike to Venice he had organized a nightly discussion while passing through Switzerland, where his relentless logic had so harried the Calvinist pastors that one had threatened to prove to him that a jail was as strong an argument as dialectic. Father Laynez represented Saint Ignatius on the first visit to Rome and on his second was invited by the Pope, Pius III, to teach theology at the College of Sapienza, where Laynez's chief difficulty was to adjust his scholarship to the Roman youth. In 1639, he and Father Favre gave the first Jesuit Retreat in Parma, using the "Spiritual Exercises" of Ignatius. Speaking Spanish, Italian, French and Latin with fluency, in a short time Laynez was greatly in demand as a preacher and has left some practical notes on preaching. He insists on the necessity of pleasing one's audience; suggests that points should be repeated but each time in a different manner and that one should commence in a natural tone so as to make the talk seem more intimate. Give the people new facts or, at least, truths told in a new way and be careful to use simple or local similes. Most important of all is a close union with God and that a man speak from his heart, and then gestures will come naturally.

Cosimo de Medici was then the dictator of Florence, which he had revived as a state but destroyed as a republic. The Duchess, daughter of the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, had made possible her husband's career with her fortune and influence and remained the one restraining influence on his unscrupulous ambitions. Sensing the great need of the Florentines for spiritual nourishment during Cosimo's planned prosperity, Eleanora persuaded the Duke not only to invite Father Laynez to Tuscany but to insist in Rome that he be excused from the Council of Trent to visit them. From then on it was a tug of war between the Medici and the Council for his services. Father Fichter is inclined to believe that Laynez found the Duchess an intolerable nuisance, but other Doctors of the Church seem to have derived a certain comfort in the loyalty of their female partisans, and even though Polanco suggests that the attentions of the Grand Duchess were due to a "morbid infatuation," Father Laynez must have felt some sympathy for the wife and subjects of the Florentine Duce. Certain it is that when Eleanora and two of her handsome boys died within a week of each other during an excursion through the Marenma marshes with her husband, Father Laynez wrote to ask the full details of her death—if she had received the last sacraments and if she were then receiving the suffrages due to her as founder of a college, the Duchess having reestablished the University of Pisa.

But it was at the Council of Trent that Father Laynez made his great contribution. He saw clearly how important it was to leave matters of discipline and jurisdiction alone until questions of dogma had been defined. It would have been as irrational to lay a new rug on a dirty floor and expect to keep it clean as to have tried to reform the clergy without first refuting such heresies as Luther's

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justification by faith without works and the denial of free will. Laynez's exposition of the doctrine of justification by faith and works, his research and discourses on the sacraments and his temperate but unequivocal denunciation of simony had a great influence on the Council; toward the end he was adamant in upholding the supremacy of papal authority. He also wrote a treatise on usury for the guidance of confessors and even tackled the extent to which cosmetics for women were justified, while condemning them absolutely for men, who seemed then to have been almost equally addicted to them. Like Clement, Laynez was a great advocate of soap and water! The Council continued for eighteen years with Laynez at most of its more important sessions. I regret that in his last speech he spoke approvingly of the Office of the Inquisition; nor did he ever have the sympathy for democracy of Bellarmine and Suarez. One evidence of his famous tact is that when called to Florence he was careful not to mention Savanarola nor to read a line about him. Persuasion and not invective were the keynote of his sermons, and his special combination of charity and common sense were shown at Trent where he clothed some eighty beggars, but saw to it that the garments were all of one piece so that they could not be gambled away!

Unfortunately this first biography of Father Laynez in English cannot be recommended to the general reader. Exciting as is the subject matter, intellectually, spiritually and romantically, it is presented in purely factual form. Not one of the great characters comes to life—not even Laynez. Nor is there much of any attempt to animate them. Cosimo, Grand Duke of Tuscany—who is persistently called the Duke of Ferrara—is described as "an honest character—something of a sportsman," which couldn't be further away from the Medici's complex and vindictive nature. The Council of Trent also offers an extraordinary opportunity for a description which will live in literary history. It has waited for a Catholic Dean Stanley or Gibbons. It is still waiting.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Lost Island. James Norman Hall. Atlantic-Little. $2.00.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "Oh, give me a little grass shack in the South Sea islands and I won't be wantin' anything else." Usually it's a dream one grows out of with the unpleasant realization that Heaven, whether it exists or not, does not exist on earth, all the sarongs in Hollywood to the contrary notwithstanding. But some intelligent people still go on fighting the evidence. One of these is James Norman Hall, and he has written a very readable little novel about how war arrived in Paradise and leveled it flat with bulldozers to make an airfield.

Mr. Hall, who made a name, or half a name, collaborating with Charles Nordhoff ("Mutiny on the Bounty," "Botany Bay," etc.), builds up a very appealing, almost convincing case. His atoll is hauntingly beautiful; the wild life is fascinating; the inhabitants—both native and white—are mostly simple, saintly people who reflect the beauty of nature in their own personalities. In fact, the natives are all Catholics and one of the nicest whites is the bearded Belgian priest whose lovely church and garden are two of the first casualties.

Mr. Hall also uses the effective device of telling his story through an American engineer who flies out to the atoll in the early days of the war to make preliminary plans for its conversion from Heaven to a take-off for Hell.

AMENAMEN

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Naturally he is captivated by the beauty of the place, and it is all very realistically done until you come to the two Jewish refugees, father and daughter, who, of an evening, play Mozart sonatas for piano and violin with faultless perfection. At that point you feel like saying, "Really, Mr. Hall, which is it going to be—the beauties of *la vie naturelle* or the complex creations of civilized man? After all, you can't have everything."

An so the soldiers and sailors arrive—clean-cut American boys, but only human—and the natives are shuffled off into a corner and their daughters are rapidly put in a family way by the clean-cut boys despite all the precautions of the tough, sympathetic general. The refugees have to move and the birds are being killed off by the airplanes and the little *motu* where the great turtles lay their eggs (very interesting, that) becomes an anti-aircraft emplacement. Paradise, in fact, is shot full of holes.

That is about all there is to the book, and actually it is a moving, effective little piece of work that deserves better than this supercilious review. As John Chamberlain said, it is all very touching, but you never do find out exactly, or even inexactly, what Mr. Hall wants us, or anyone else, to do about it, except perhaps to take a super-bulldozer, level the whole stinking mountain of industrial civilization and plant it to palm trees. And then you can't help thinking, in the words of the immortal soap-operas, "life can be beautiful"—but not that beautiful.

JOHN C. CORT.

Mother Butler of Marymount. Katherine Burton. Longmans. $3.00.

IT WAS rather a remote tropical island, and it was a devoid of the romantic attractions usually ascribed thereunto. It did possess some of the familiar ingredients: immense vistas of pale blue sea, the lazy twisting of the surf as it broke over the hidden coral, the snobbish cocoanut palm disdainfully yielding to the embrace of the wind. On a quiet bay, isolated by immense masses of volcanic rock, there was a leper colony. There the deformed of many races compensated for their ugliness by patient labor in gardens of unusual beauty. It was run by four nuns, charming women who greeted us with gracious hospitality and spoke feelingly of the human derelicts in their charge. On the same island, others of their order taught in native schools and cared for the orphan and the sick.

So they labor everywhere. Like the infantry in war, they carry the heaviest burdens with a minimum of favorable notice. They are the most vigorous members of the militant Church, but their exploits rarely make the headlines. We need more books about the patient heroism of our nuns, and our literature would be enriched if it found its inspiration in their lives.

Our religious orders of women engage in diverse activities. One that particularly merits attention is their work for the higher education of women in the United States. They entered this field under severe handicaps, but they set their standards high and pursued their goal with vision and energy. Gradually their academies broadened in scope and purpose until some of them emerged as full scale colleges that could challenge the best. The development is far from complete, but it is safe to say that they have permanently established themselves as a vital force in American education.

The story of one of these pioneers is set forth in the present volume. It is a tribute to a splendid woman, and the narrative is absorbing enough to hold one's interest. Because of its theme, I would like to give it unqualified approval; yet it has all the defects of the older hagiography. The story is sugar coated and iced over, with a bland naïveté, and the style is burdened with spiritual clichés. We have such abominations as: "She made hot drinks for them to ward off colds and worse"; "Good Friday was doubly drear that year"; "He was no mean scholar either"; "The Chapel organ in her hands became something more than a mere instrument." Reading this, I was convinced that we should tear up the pattern, and write such a volume without any reference to the idiom that seems to be standardized in books of this type.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

Prelude to Silence. Arnold Brecht. Oxford. $2.00.

ARNOLD BRECHT was a German high in the civil service believing in democracy. After a most distinguished career under the Weimar Republic, he joined in November 1933 the "University in Exile" in New York. Though dismissed by the Hitler régime, he continued to spend his vacations in Germany until 1939. His book tries to give a survey of the fight against nazi totalitarianism in Germany. It contains much valuable information on German laws, on electoral statistics and particularly on the mentality of the German civil service. But Professor Brecht does not present an analysis of the social forces which made Hitler's coming into power possible. He uses a purely legalistic approach and has therefore no understanding of the essential question: How could it happen that the anti-nazi majority in Germany accepted the Hitler régime? Brecht is right in pointing out that the majority of the civil servants was (and is probably even now) non- or anti-nazi; why does this fact have no weight? Brecht proves that the last republican cabinets had most impressive successes; why did that not prevent the loss of belief in a democratic parliamentary régime among Germans? Brecht assumes that it is important to show by electoral statistics that the majority of the Germans did not vote for anti-democratic parties, but does that explain away the acceptance by this majority of non-democratic rulers?

Arnold Brecht's book has the merit of showing—against the will of the author—that the collapse of the Weimar democracy and the rise of nazism cannot be explained by a legalistic approach which carefully points out defects in the constitution, the rôle of proportional representation, etc. Only an investigation of the German nationalist tradition, of the disappointment which resulted from the November revolution of 1918 and of the development of various groups of the German people can help to an understanding of the conditions which were exploited by Hitler and his followers. The industrious and well-meaning collection of facts presented by Professor Brecht makes the mystery of Hitler's success, not only against democrats but also against conservative forces, only more mysterious.

WALDEMAR GURIAN.

History of the Archdiocese of Boston. Robert H. Lord, John E. Sexton and Edward T. Harrington. Sheed. Three Volumes. $15.00.

IN THREE long and very complete volumes we are presented with a history of Catholicism in the New England area, narrowing down for recent years to the immediate vicinity of the Boston Archdiocese. The first volume is the most interesting, but the whole work is well written and should be definitive.

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The Inner Forum

For Cultural Inter-Americanism

THE UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT reports that Social Action, a Jesuit organization in Brazil, is planning next spring to open in São Paulo a college of chemical engineering with a capacity of one thousand students. The connection with the University of Detroit is emphasized by the fact that Father Saboia de Medeiros, president of that organization, has secured certain officials of the University of Detroit to act as his advisors. According to the latest Catholic Directory, the University of Detroit has at present over three hundred students in its college of engineering and a faculty of twenty-five.

According to Brazilian laws all members of the faculty for this new college in São Paulo—with the possible exception of one or two—must be natives of Brazil. At the same time Father Saboia is determined that the curriculum of the new school, its faculty and its technical equipment must measure up to the best facilities now provided in this branch of education in the United States. Therefore he is on the lookout for Brazilian Catholics who have had teaching or industrial experience here in the United States. Reverend George J. Shiple, S.J., director of the chemistry department at the University of Detroit, is in charge of answering the inquiries of all applicants in the United States for teaching positions at the new school.

All instruction at São Paulo will be in Portuguese. Courses to be given include business organization and management, chemical engineering, chemistry, economics, mathematics, mechanical and electrical engineering, mechanics, metallurgy and physics. Registration for the first freshman class is now scheduled for March 1, 1945.

★

The fourth annual seminar in Mexico conducted by Rev. James A. Magner of the Catholic University of America will leave Chicago on August 2. It is affiliated with the Institute of Ibero-American Studies of the Catholic University and with the Charles Carroll Forums of Chicago and Washington, D. C. It will be limited to fifteen persons. Members will return to Chicago August 19 or may, if they wish, extend their trip for five days to take in the Paricutin Volcano and the lake country.

CONTRIBUTORS

Alfredo MENDIZABAL is spending the summer months in Long Island; he has been a member of the faculty of the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes in New York; he is the author of "The Martyrdom of Spain."

"A. F." is an English Catholic journalist at present living in the United States.

Rev. Louis F. DOYLE, S.J., is stationed at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

D. H. MOSELEY writes for Catholic periodicals.

E. V. R. WYATT is the drama critic for the *Catholic World*.

Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is a Naval chaplain at present stationed at Patuxent River, Md.

Waldemar GURIAN is one of the editors of *The Review of Politics*, the author of a number of books and a member of the faculty of Notre Dame University.

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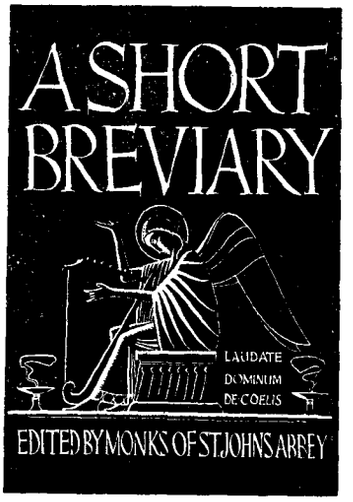

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